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stood was the signal for three hurrahs from the troops. Even at this distant day these hurrahs sound freshly in my ears: a second gun gave the time for a general salute. The cannon and musketry began at once, and the fire ran along the three extended lines, showing more distinctly than any thing else could have done the vast space they occupied, by the distant flashes and retiring sound of the musketry. I forget exactly how long a time was necessary for three rounds from these saluting tens of thousands.

"We rode down the hill, and the Russians broke from their lines into grand columns of regiments; and no one but a soldier can conceive the beauty of this great simultaneous change. A spot was then fixed upon for these masses to march by the sovereigns; and the Emperor of Russia putting himself at the head of the leading regiments, thus formed in column, marched past, and saluted the Emperor of Austria and King of Prussia; then placing himself by their side to see the rest of the army go by. The whole of the day was only sufficient to give time for a re-formation into line, and an opening of ranks, along which the cavalcade of monarchs and their immense suite rode.

"The Emperor of Russia appeared greatly occupied with the Duke of Wellington (who was at this period our ambassador at Paris,) as if anxious for his opinion of what was passing before them; and his whole attention was given to him when not taken up with his fair companions, who rode on both his flanks. Thus closed the first day, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed the grand military display it presented. Great dinners at different bivouacs were given on the ground; and my party of ladies and friends will make me long remember the day. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Lowry Cole, and various military friends, met together in the evening at my quarters, full of admiration of the movements they had seen; and I well remember the Duke of Wellington saying to me, 'Well, Charles, you and I never saw such a sight before, and never shall again: the precision of the movements of those troops was more like the arrangements of a theatre than those of such an army.—I never saw any thing like it.'

"Much, however, as the Duke was struck with the extraordinary perfection of the Russian formations, he was by no means satisfied with their slowness; and I remember a remark from him, 'that his little army would move round them in any direction whilst they were effecting a single change;' an opinion which all who heard it re-echoed."

The details of the military operations in this volume are less particular than might have been expected, from a writer who appears to be not a little of the *martinet*. The accounts of the great battles are passed over very cursorily. That of Leipsic, which may be styled the descending node of Bonaparte's orbit of empire, affords a singular illustration of this remark. The author has been at the pains to elucidate this event, by an engraved plan, the only graphic illustration in the work, except the fine map of the seat of war, which serves as a frontispiece. The positions of all the various corps are set down in the plan; but, from the conciseness of the narrative, it is nearly useless to any readers, except those well informed on military affairs. The author himself seems to have been conscious of this defect, and endeavours to "plead an excuse for a sketch,

which scarcely merits the name of a description." We can hardly accept of this apology; because, from reading the volume, we perceive, and from the few extracts we have had space for, the reader will also join us in perceiving, that the writer can "sketch" with an able hand, and surely the subject was worthy of his exertions.

As a further proof of his talents for description, and also as an illustration, which cannot be too frequently or too prominently set before the great majority of stay-at-home readers, of the horrid realities of war, we shall present them with one, and but one more extract.

"I witnessed here a very interesting, but I fear unfortunately too usual an occurrence, that took place in the capture of the convoy and enemy's baggage, &c. at La Feré Champenoise. Being forward in the *mêlée*, I perceived that some of the Cossacks, most probably from Bashkir, had not only secured a French colonel's *calèche* and baggage, but one of them had seized his wife, whose cries rent the air, and with the aid of two other gallant Tartars was placing her behind him. I will not detail the frequent histories of lawless troops, nor add to these pages instances of barbarity which I fear have been too justly given of the conduct of the Russian predatory hordes in their march through France; but I reflect with satisfaction that it was my good fortune to rescue, even for a moment, a lovely and most interesting Frenchwoman from the hands of these wild soldiers. Being, however, unable to listen to her afflicting details, and not knowing in what manner better to place her in security, I ordered my orderly hussar, of the King's German legion, to place her for the moment *en croupe*, and carry her to my billet at the head-quarters. I was unwilling, and indeed could not at that moment leave the field; but consoled myself with the thought that when I returned at night to my quarters I should receive the gratitude of a beautiful creature, and pictured to myself romance connected with this occurrence. But, alas! how little can we reckon on any future event, and how idly do we all build *des châteaux en Espagne*!

"I fear that my precautions were not so great as I flattered myself they were: the distance between the *champ de bataille* and Feré Champenoise was inconsiderable: the town was in sight; and from the number of officers and troops moving about, I could not imagine my beautiful prisoner would be recaptured; but, sad to relate, either the same Cossacks returned, or others more savage and determined, and perceiving my faithful orderly hussar and prize, fell upon him, and nearly annihilating him, seized their victim; and although the strictest investigation was made throughout his whole army, by the Emperor of Russia, to whom I immediately repaired, and related the melancholy tale, (and who heard it with all that compassion and interest it could not fail to inspire,) the beautiful and interesting Frenchwoman never re-appeared again. I drop a veil over the horrible sequel which imagination might conjure up, and I took much blame for my neglect of a sufficient escort. My hussar crawled to me next morning, half dead from ill usage; and his pathetic tale placed me in a state of mind scarcely less deplorable."

Little is said in the volume about Bonaparte; but it is creditable to the writer to find, that in this little, he does ample justice to that wonderful man's extraordinary abilities. At

the commencement of the conflict, he is described as "fluctuating and irresolute," committing errors, both political and military, to which his ultimate catastrophe seems to be chiefly attributable. But as his difficulties increased, his energies expanded, and in his last wonderful struggle between the Seine and the Marne, "he appeared once more to have burst forth with all his talent, and all his energies and mental resources." The concluding act of his imperial drama is thus told:—

"But to return to more serious and important matters, and to wind up the concluding days of Napoleon's history at this period:—it appears that after haranguing his army on the 5th of April, and promising them (as before mentioned) the pillage of Paris for forty-eight hours, amidst the cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, Marshal Ney and all the chief officers assembled round him; when the former stepping forward, at once announced to him that he was no longer Emperor, and presented him the act of his dethronement by the senate.

"Bonaparte appeared thunderstruck, and with violent impetuosity at first seemed to resist the order of the senate. But no longer finding fealty among his troops, nor devotion in his officers, he was soon convinced of the absurdity and folly of resistance.

"Referring himself therefore to the direction of Marshals Oudinot, Victor, and Caulincourt, he sent them to Paris, to make the best terms for himself and his family, and to obtain what other objects they could for his advantage."

The reader may already have formed some idea of our general opinion of the book, with the contents of which, we have endeavoured to make him acquainted. As a military relation, we conceive it deficient; as a political exposé unsatisfactory. Indeed, in this point of view, the author speaks more of what might be said, and of what perhaps he will hereafter say, than of what is actually developed; displaying in this portion of the work, a sufficient portion of the mysticism of minor diplomacy. But, by the general reader, the work will be perused with much satisfaction, and, as a library volume, to which position of literary pre-eminence it is entitled, as well by its size, as by the nature of its contents, it will be found useful, as an object of reference, to the future historian of the destinies of civilized Europe.

As to its literary execution, particularly when viewed as the first unassisted production of the writer, for his previous work, as is well known, was chiefly edited by Mr. Gleig, we think it entitled to no small share of approbation.

The noble writer proposes to follow up this work by one on the subsequent, and still more extraordinary period of Bonaparte's life, "The Empire of the Hundred Days," provided his favourite readers, "his companions in arms, kindly approve his present labours." Under this condition, we think we may look forward to its publication, which, we have reason to anticipate, will be an acceptable present to the literary as well as to the military world.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia.—History of Scotland. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. in 2 vols. Vol. 2d.—London, Longman and Co. and John Taylor.

We have already expatiated so much at length on the excellence of the first volume of this admirable epitome of Scottish history, in our first review of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia,

that we have little new to say of this second, save that it in nowise falls short of the favourable opinion we had formed from the perusal of its predecessor. The present volume carries the story from the fatal field of Flodden to the entry of King James the sixth into Berwick, on his progress to assume the English crown, with which event the history of Scotland as a separate and independent nation naturally closes. We present our readers with Sir Walter's discussion of the grand question as to the guilt or innocence of Mary, as one of the most interesting passages in the book, which from its nature cannot present many novel features to those already conversant in Scottish history.

Sir Walter is too good a lawyer, to allow any thing short of a perfect chain of positive evidence, as sufficient to warrant a verdict against the beautiful and unfortunate queen of Scots; but from the general tenor of his remarks, we think we can gather, that his own private opinion does not differ very far from that of David Hume, who when told of a new and well-argued defence of Mary, enquired, "Has the author shown that she did not marry Bothwell? That fact settles the whole question." The reader probably remembers the manner in which Robertson investigates this point in his Scotland; Sir Walter thus sums up the evidence on both sides:

"But it may be asked what conclusion are readers of the present day to draw from these proceedings? and are we, with one class of writers, to conceive queen Mary an injured saint, or with another the most profligate of women? We confess that, without more light than we at present possess, or ever hope to see thrown on a subject of so mysterious a character, we incline to think that on both sides this memorable case has been pleaded to extremity.

"The beauty, the wit, and, in general, the amiable character of Mary, has raised up for her memory defenders of equal talents and zeal. But if we review the queen's conduct from the debate at Craigmillar, concerning the proposed divorce betwixt her and Darnley, it is difficult to believe that she must not have entertained suspicions, that many persons of an unscrupulous character were not indisposed, when that measure was rejected, to remove the unfortunate prince from his share of the throne by the readiest and most violent means, if legal and justifiable expedients would not serve the turn. The reconciliation between the husband and wife, after their long estrangement, which was patched up so suddenly and immediately before the murder, the violence offered to the queen's person by Bothwell, and so tamely acquiesced in by a female of such high rank and energetic character, are to us irresistible evidence that Mary, deeply injured by her ungrateful husband, and engaged by an unhappy attachment to one of the most wicked of men, suffered Darnley, without warning or succour, to fall into the conspirators' snares, if indeed, she did not herself entice him into the toils. Revenge and love are great casuists; and supposing Mary so far concerned in Darnley's death as to foresee its approach without endeavouring to prevent it, she might endeavour to justify her conduct to herself, by considering that by his accession to the murder of her servant in her own presence, her ungrateful husband deserved death, and that she at least was not obliged to give the alarm when a deserved punishment seemed about to overwhelm

him. The evident favour shown to Bothwell on his sham trial, the too obvious farce of the seizure of the queen at Fountain Bridge, and her subsequent marriage with Bothwell, all lead to the same melancholy conclusion. And when we recollect that Mary had been educated in the profligate court of Catherine of Medicis, and was surrounded in her own by some of the worst and most wicked men who ever lived, he who can suppose that, tempted by love and revenge, she walked through the maze of iniquity occurring betwixt Rizzio's death and her marriage with Bothwell, without soiling the purity of her mind with the guilt which was so thick around her path, must have unusual confidence in human nature.

"But though we are compelled to admit that a long train of coherent circumstances seems to evince that Mary was at least by tacit acquiescence an accomplice in Darnley's fate, we are not much moved by what has been termed the actual proof of her guilt, and which was produced as such before the commission.

"The documents contained in the silver box are the only direct testimony tending to involve Mary in Darnley's murder; and setting these aside for the present, there remains little which can directly implicate the queen.

"At a later period, indeed, Morton an unprincipled and fierce man, who, according to his own account on the scaffold, was privy to the whole bloody scene, says, that being invited to join Bothwell and Lethington in a scheme against Darnley's life, he refused to engage in the plot unless Bothwell would obtain an injunction upon him to that effect from the queen herself. But he proceeds to declare, that Bothwell never was able to produce such a warrant. Here, therefore, the chain of direct evidence is broken, and the positive proof of Mary's guilt is not to be found. Laying Morton's direct oral testimony aside as being inconclusive, we come next to the celebrated casket and papers.

"These letters and writings produced would indeed prove a great deal more than enough for conviction if they stood unimpeached as authentic documents. But great and serious suspicions attach to their authenticity. The internal evidence is unfavourable, according to our ideas, of the style of a sovereign expressing her attachment. They are described with suspicious variations, sometimes as being written by the queen's own hand, sometimes as being only subscribed by her. Above all, though their authenticity was challenged, and though the regent and his associates had in their power the persons through whose hands they were said to have passed, yet no care whatever was taken, by examination of any of these persons, to ascertain or corroborate the faith of documents so important to the cause of the accusers. The obvious and legal inference is, that where that is not proved which ought to have been verified, it must have been for want of the means of probation. It is notorious that these letters and papers had been long enough in the hands of the queen's enemies to have been tampered with to any extent; and the productions of copies and translations, instead of originals, is totally foreign to our ideas of judicial proceedings. Nay, there was so little attention to authenticate the casket or the documents contained, that although Dalgleish, the messenger from whose person they were alleged to be taken, was tried and executed for accession to Darnley's murder, not a single question was

put to him either at his trial, or at his death, which could tend to prove he had ever seen them. His confession, also, which candidly admits his share in Darnley's murder, contains not a word respecting these papers. The only evidence of their having been taken on the person of this man was the declaration of Morton, who, if they were forged, was undoubtedly a person most deeply interested in the fabrication.

"The queen, also, when she alleged that these manuscripts were forgeries, observed, that there were many in her kingdom who could imitate her hand-writing; and it was believed that Maitland possessed that accomplishment in a supreme degree.

"Another document of direct evidence preferred against the queen was the confession of Paris, a Frenchman, and a servant of her household, who is represented as having given testimony respecting the circumstances of a conference with Bothwell, which, compared with the subsequent directions received by Paris from Mary regarding the delivery of the keys of the king's lodgings at the Kirk of Field, seems distinctly probative of the queen's knowledge of the murder before the fact. But to this also lies the same objection of a strong suspicion of forgery; and there arises the greater doubt on the subject, that certainly if Paris had been actually disposed to make such an important confession, his life ought to have been preserved, that he might deliver his evidence before parliament or in an unprejudiced court, allowing every chance to the royal person accused of so hideous a crime of disproving it by cross-examination or otherwise. The death of a miserable domestic, whose life was at all times in their hands, ought to have been deferred until his testimony had been publicly given, carefully investigated, and formally recorded. The fact of having put Paris instantly to death, with every other person connected with the murder, resembles the art of the usurper in the play who stabs the warders of Duncan lest a public examination should produce other sentiments in the minds of the judges than those which he, who really committed the crime, desired should be inferred.

"On the whole, the direct evidence produced in support of Mary's alleged guilt was liable to such important objections, that it could not now be admitted to convict a felon for the most petty crime; and there is surely no equity in receiving it as absolutely conclusive against a queen. We have already stated our opinion of the moral proof of deep delusion, or perhaps actual guilt, arising from Mary's own conduct; but we own that our strong suspicions, arising from her favour to Bothwell, her union with that profligate man, and the time and circumstances of the marriage, are rather weakened than confirmed by the attempts to corroborate it by positive evidence of so very suspicious a description. When original documents are suppressed, and alleged copies only produced, when minutes of confessions privately obtained under threats or torture are urged as proofs, and the witnesses themselves, who might have given open testimony, removed by precipitate execution, the loose and improbable character of the evidence throws a suspicion over the whole proceeding, which goes far to neutralize the presumption of guilt arising out of the circumstances; and as it evinces foul practices used in order to convict the queen, it must necessarily induce us to lean

to the side of acquittal. Queen Elizabeth was probably sensible of this when, by the result of the investigation, she saw herself obliged to acknowledge that the Scottish queen had come off guiltless from the charge brought by Murray and her rebel subjects; and the number and character of those who asserted Mary's cause in Scotland plainly intimates that a great part of her subjects were in no respect disposed to be considered as having faith in the evidence, which later historians have received as conclusive against her."

Constable's Miscellany. No. 51. Stebbing's History of Chivalry and the Crusades. Vol. 2. Constable and Co. Edinburgh, and Hurst, Chance, and Co. London.

We have already given an account of the nature and scope of this work, in the fourth number of the Dublin Literary Gazette. This second volume contains the History of the Crusades, from the death of Godfrey, in the commencement of the twelfth century, to the final fall of the kingdom of Jerusalem and the expulsion of the Franks, in the year 1291.

Gibbon has said that a regular story of the Crusades, however splendid, 'would exhibit the perpetual return of the same causes and effects; and the frequent attempts for the defence and recovery of the Holy Land, would appear so many faint and unsuccessful copies of the original.' For ourselves, though we do not exactly agree with St. Louis, that a christian knight should, in no case, render any other reason of the faith that is in him, to an infidel, 'than six inches of his faulchion thrust into his accursed bowels;' nor do we regard the crusades as very convincing evidence of either the wisdom or the piety of those engaged in them, yet we must confess, that they and the chivalry out of which they seem in some degree to have sprung, seem to us at least, a very interesting chapter in the strange eventful history of mankind; and we rejoice to see it written in a popular form, and a proper spirit. Of the latter our readers will be better able to judge from the following brief characters of the two great and generous rivals, Richard of England, and Saladin the Moslem:

"The character of Richard appears great, and worthy of admiration, or low and contemptible as we behold on different sides. To the eye of the moralist, and when examined by the pure and unchanging laws of truth, men are virtuous and vicious as they approach to, or recede from, the standard of good, which exists perfect only in the Divine mind; but which, though less bright, is as an angel of life and knowledge enshrined in every man's conscience. But the inquiry of the historian is not respecting the primary or absolute virtue or vice of men's actions, but what were the circumstances which increased the splendour of their good deeds, or served to palliate the ignominy of their bad ones; or how far they agreed with, or contradicted the particular impulses to good, which existed in the ruling spirit of the age in which they lived. In this respect we must observe Richard as he spoke, thought, and acted, amid scenes, and under influences, which affected all who lived at the same time, as well as himself, and which were sufficiently strong to modify every feeling and sentiment which were not indelibly stamped on the heart by nature. To act in conformity with the plain and simple laws of morality, was not, in that age, sufficient to satisfy either the world

or the conscience of the individual. Society, if we may use such a figure, wore a scarlet mantle; and to shine in the splendour of heroic deeds, alone gave the right to be clothed in the livery of the times. Richard was a King. He had, by nature, a warm heart and a quick imagination. In whatever age he had lived, he would have sought glory more than peace, and rejoiced rather in being a hero than a statesman. But he lived at a period when the romance of his disposition was in perfect harmony with the opinions of the world, and when to be led unresistingly by the imagination, was to act in concert with the most admired of his contemporaries. By his rank, and the talents with which nature had endowed him, he was fitted to take the first station in the numerous ranks of chivalry; and with his own feelings acting from within, and impressed by so many outward impulses of popular passion, it is not wonderful that Richard of England shone in the brightest panoply of a christian warrior.—So far as a human being may take his rule of action from the character of his age, and deserve glory for conforming to it, Richard merits a nobler fame than any of his compeers. His knightly valour was exercised on the most desperate occasions, and when the only reason for his exposing himself to danger was that he might perform the duties of a chevalier without fear or reproach. In embarking for the crusade, he freely spent the greater part of his riches, and put his throne in peril. During his sojourn in the Holy Land, the feelings with which he calculated the chances of succeeding in its perfect recovery from the infidel, were excited by the deepest anxiety to partake in the triumph, or not leave the scene of conflict till the moment when to fight would be no longer of any use. When circumstances drove him to the necessity of precipitating his departure, the gloomiest melancholy, it is on all sides allowed, took possession of his mind, and the tears which were plentifully shed by the Syrian christians when he bade them farewell, and his own sorrowful exclamations, prove that he had been a true and faithful champion.

"But the fame of Richard, and the pleasure with which we regard his romantic heroism, are greatly diminished at the recollection of the deeds of fearful cruelty of which he was occasionally guilty. He might slay his twenty or thirty in battle, and be entitled, as men usually estimate these things, to glory for so doing; but when we find him ordering the butchery of his prisoners in their chains, we are forced to rank him among the bloodiest of tyrants. His conduct to the Jews, and the tyranny with which he oppressed his subjects in general, are only to be in a very slight manner excused by our knowledge of the imperfect light which then prevailed respecting social liberty. In short, as soon as we see Richard out of the battle-field, and divested of his armour and his conquering sword, we lose our respect for him, and lament that times should have been, in which mankind knew of no greater glory, and no higher virtues, than those which this brave, but ruthless and tyrannical monarch, sought and exercised. The actual misfortunes of Richard's life were fortunate for his fame. Much of the interest attached to his memory results from the perils and distresses with which he had to struggle; and Richard, in the Tour of Tenebreuse, is loved and pitied by the young and romantic, in spite of the dark deeds which history has registered under his name. His

love of minstrelsy is also another preservative of his glory; and when looking through the dim veil of the past, the imaginative may be excused, if they point in delight and triumph to the splendid vision of a king rejoicing alike in his lyre and sword, and not more glorious as a hero in battle, than tender as a lover and a poet. But while we allow him all the advantages which he may derive from these sources, we must be careful not to permit him to rank in our estimation with those of our monarchs in whose wisdom or virtue we have still to rejoice. Richard did nothing beneficial, either for his own age or for posterity. He carried to an extreme the principles which had effect in society while he lived; but he neither controlled nor modified them, nor in any instance anticipated future times either in virtue or wisdom."

"Among the European warriors or monarchs of the age we are describing, no one appears to have so great a claim to our respect as Saladin. His first acquisition of power was marked, it is true, with a very doubtful character, and it is probable that he raised himself to a kingly station by those means which ambition is ever ready to provide and consecrate to her purposes. But according to history, the early life of Saladin was passed in luxury and dissipation, and it is a case, we believe, of frequent occurrence, that when a great and bold mind first awakens from its lethargy, and becomes conscious of its natural right to power, it will obey the sudden impulse to whatever ends it may conduct. But the character of Saladin, in the following events of his life, was rendered venerable by the moderation with which he used his successes, the enlightened generosity which influenced his conduct towards those of a different faith, and the prudence with which he managed the interior affairs of his dominions. He was a warrior from his youth, but he was ever ready to exercise the courtesies of benevolence towards his enemies; and strove, by affording many instances of mildness and forbearance, to soften the wild and barbarous temper of his people. His devotion was deep and fervent; and the natural gravity of his disposition inclined him to the most solemn and rigid attention to all the articles of his creed. But the greatness of his mind seems to have triumphed over all feelings of bigotry; and he was faithfully devoted to his belief, and passed his life in defending it, without being a persecutor."

The Montgomery Manuscripts. Composed by W. Montgomery, Esq. second son of Sir James Montgomery; between the years 1698 and 1704.—Belfast, printed at the News Letter Office, 1830.

A publication, bearing this title, has recently appeared at Belfast.—Such an appellation affixed to a printed book, is certainly, at first sight, somewhat startling, nor do we think our northern countrymen, with all their acuteness, will be easily able to vindicate themselves from the charge of having committed a genuine Irish bull. A much less venial offence than this, however, we should be willing to overlook, in consideration of the treat which their typographical labors have brought within our reach, and we feel assured that there are few of our readers who will not feel indebted to us for making them acquainted with a volume of certainly as curious a nature, and singular an